Webcam Boy

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Webcam Boy

by dulcetliyah

Summary

Nigel comes across Will on his favorite webcam site and it leads to some dark things.

One

Nigel sits down at his desk chair, the light from his laptop screen illuminating his messy hair and exhausted face. He takes a brisk swig of the cold beer in his hand as the laptop screen displays the last website Nigel had visited. Nigel leans back appreciatively as he sees the text WEBZ presented across the plane of the laptop. It was a site Nigel visited frequently, an array of live webcams that were from people located in his area. It was really the same thing all around, girls masturbating and fooling around with their friends. But it works for Nigel. It keeps him entertained and gives him the piece of mind that if he needs a girl, this is where he can find one. Nigel impassively clicks through random streams, hoping he would come across his favorite girl on the site. She had long blonde hair and round tits, and took any requests anyone gave her. He finally finds her stream, but right when he gets there - she was ending it. Nigel curses as the nude girl smiles and ends the stream with her manicured finger. He glares at the words across the now black screen, 'this stream has ended'. He harshly clicks the right arrow, which takes him to the loading screen of the next stream. It loads for a couple of seconds and Nigel is surprised when instead of a nude girl showing up, a boy shows up. He is in a dark room, the light from his screen casting light upon his bare pale skin. He has a full head of brown curls and striking blue eyes. Initially uninterested, Nigel hovers over the right arrow but pauses when the boy begins to speak.

"More people have joined, so I'll make my proposition now." He says in a husky but sultry voice.

Nigel doesn't really pay attention to his words, more engrossed in the way the boy's hands roam over his hairless chest. The boy continues,

"So..."

The boy stares into the camera, fingers pinching and flicking his nipples. Nigel sips his beer, trying to get his mind off of why he is still watching this. He isn't attracted to men. But he also can't bring himself to leave the boy's stream. Nigel's hungry eyes move from the boy's body to his lips as he talks again,

"Whoever sends me the most amount of money by midnight, gets to meet up with me."

The boy leans forward and grins cheekily as he sees the chat blow up with affirmative responses. Nigel wants to scowl at the piss poor men in the chat, but he doesn't. The boy makes a noise of realization and types something on his keyboard. A pinned comment with a link shows up in the chat, and Nigel assumes it's the way the boy receives money. The boy stands up and walks out of frame for a second. He leans back in front of the camera and winks,

"Now time for a show, that'll convince you guys."

Nigel chugs his beer and blames it for the fact that he clicks the link and sends the boy a good chunk of money.

Two

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Will meet {non-con drugging in this chapter!}

Nigel licks his lips as he regards the message he woke up to from the boy on the webcam,

{Hi Nigel, although it was really close - you sent me the most money last night. Meet me at Roasters Barista at 1 so I can show my appreciation. Don't be late ;)}

Nigel re-reads the message multiple times before looking at the time on the digital clock on his desk. It's 11:37am. Nigel doesn't think anything through as he showers quickly and puts on some clothes. He combs his hair and stands tall in the mirror, just to be sure of himself. His muscles bulge out in his shirt and he grins at himself. He walks out of his apartment and makes a quick decision to meet up with Darko before meeting the boy. They meet up and he sticks around for a quick smoke and short conversation with the man. Then, Nigel heads to the cafe. He walks in and leans against the counter, waiting to see those chocolate curls. Soon, the boy walks in and he is much more attractive right now when Nigel can really see him. The boy goes to a booth near the back of the cafe, nose buried in his phone. He doesn't seem to acknowledge anyone else's presence. Nigel straightens up and saunters over to the boy, clearing his throat when he arrives in front of him. The boy looks up at him through his lashes and when he sees Nigel, he smiles and puts his phone on the marble table.

"Are you Nigel?" He asks, placing his chin on his hands as he watches Nigel sit down in front of him.

"I am." Nigel says and notices the boy biting the inside of the his cheek as he looks Nigel over quickly.

There was an appreciative glint in the boy's eyes. Nigel drinks the boy in, from his beautiful face to his just as amazing body. His curls compliment his cherubic face and bright eyes. The boy has a compact body, which Nigel is into more than he thought he could be. The boy leans toward him,

"You sent me a lot of money, what would you like in return?"

Nigel's eyes darken at the words and he looks into the boy's eyes,

"What's your name?" Nigel asks and the boy recoils into his seat almost immediately, giving the man a weird look.

"Um, shouldn't you know?" He raised a suspicious eyebrow at the man across from him and Nigel glared back.

"Just fuckin' tell me." He grits out, not understanding how this boy was already pushing him. It was a simple question.

The boy stands and snatches up his phone, snarling out an insult in Nigel's direction. Nigel is deaf to the insult spat in his direction, because he stands up along with him and quickly blocks his path. The boy tries to move around him, but Nigel snatches his wrist up.

"Get out of my way." He says with gritted teeth, from his anger and from the pain of Nigel gripping his wrist too tightly. Nigel growls at him and clenches his jaw,

"Sit the fuck down." Nigel demands, shoving the boy back toward the booth with force. The boy stumbled and sat down, wincing at the pain in his wrist once Nigel released it from his vice grip. Nigel gives him a tight lipped smile,

"I'll get you a drink." Nigel says lowly and turns around to go to the counter, giving a glance back at the boy. Nigel brushes off the questioning looks from the surrounding customers as he walks to the counter. He orders a coffee for the boy and watches him closely as he waits for the worker to give him his order. The worker passes him the cup and he slaps some money on the counter in return. Nigel walks over to the table with sugars, creamers, and tops and sets the drink on it. He thinks about the bad reaction from the beautiful boy and it makes him angry once again. Nigel suddenly remembers the vial stored in his pocket. He got it from Darko earlier, a trusty vial of ketamine. It was meant to help him sleep, since he mentioned to Darko that he had been restless some nights. Nigel craftily pulls the vial of powder out of his jacket pocket and sprinkles it into the coffee. He quickly puts a top on the steaming liquid and scoops up some creamer and sugar. He walks back to the boy and puts the stuff in front of him. Nigel sits back down across from the boy, watching him as he sips the coffee. He ignores the creamer and sugar, and Nigel sees that he's trying to down the drink as fast as he can. Earlier, Darko had told him that the ketamine took a couple minutes to kick in when snorted. But that isn't the case now, so Nigel doesn't know how long it will take. After about 10 minutes, the boy pushes the empty coffee cup away and stands. He doesn't look at Nigel as he strides toward the exit. Nigel stands up too and prowls after the boy. He follows behind the boy down the sidewalk, not sure if the boy knows he's being followed. After a couple of minutes, Nigel notices the boys movements become visibly sluggish. The boy stops completely, head dropping a little as if he can't keep it up. Nigel comes up to him and sees the boys phone in his hand. He slides the phone from the boys hand and slips it into his own pocket. Nigel wraps a hand around the boy's bicep and it is easy to guide him back to the cafe, to Nigel's car. The boy looks at Nigel with unfocused eyes and attempts to say something, but his words are slurred and incoherent. They arrive at Nigel's car and Nigel unlocks it, bringing the boy to the back seat with ease. He lays him out across the leather and closes the door, rounding the car.

Three

Chapter Summary

Things go down back at Nigel's apartment

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nigel kicks his apartment door open after struggling to unlock it with the boy currently slumped in his arms. Nigel lays him down on his unmade bed ineptly and walks back to the door, closing and locking it. Nigel shakes out his burning limbs and breathes through his nose as he watches the boy. He is reminded of the boy's phone as he stares at him, reaching back and pulling said phone out of his back pocket. He turns it on and reads the notification across the screen, a text message.

[Bev : he's following you? will you need to call the cops or something]

Nigel curses and tries to unlock the phone but as expected a prompt for a passcode pops up. He tosses the phone on his desk, running a frustrated hand over his face. How had the boy texted someone while Nigel was following him? Nigel is caught between wanting to force the boy to wake up and just letting him sleep, not wanting to fight him right away. Carrying the boy from his car and up the stairs to his apartment had took more out of him than he expected. He just wants to rest and take some time for himself now. He walks over to his beside drawer, and pulls out a pack of cigarettes and his lighter. He lights the cigarette skillfully and sinks into his desk chair, exhaling slowly and basking in the smoke around him.

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Will wakes up and rolls over with closed eyes, burying his face in what he assumes is his pillow. He recoils immediately when he smells smoke and a cologne he does not recognize. He pushes himself up and panics when he sees an unfamiliar bed set under him. He gets out of the bed and sees an even more unfamiliar apartment around him. Will is surprised when he doesn't notice the person in the corner right away. Will realizes it's the man from the cafe. The events before this come flooding back and Will's cloudy mind supplies that the man is Nigel. Nigel is smoking casually as if he didn't do anything wrong at all. Will watches him with narrowed eyes but still shrinks back a little when the man shifts in his chair. He stands up and sets down his cigarette, all while watching Will. Will can't help but feel intimidated under his gaze. He has been intimidated by this man ever since he waltzed up to him at the cafe. Will steals a quick glance over his shoulder and sees the front door. He wrongfully tells himself that the man won't be able to stop him if he's quick enough. His feet barely cooperate with him as he dashes toward the door. Will is able to shakily unlock the door and crack it open. However, the man is behind him immediately. Nigel grunts and uses his hand to slam

the door shut with a bang that startles Will. Will jerks his hand back as his fingers almost get crushed in the door, and stumbles back into the solid form of the man. Nigel wraps his muscular arms around Will and hauls him on to the floor. Will hits the carpeted floor with a thud and can't bring himself to look at the man looming over him.

"Don't try that again." Nigel says lowly, jaw clenching. Will pushes himself up from the ground and Nigel reaches over and locks the door, almost patronizingly.

"You're crazy. You kidnapped me!" Will exclaims and the man shrugs his broad shoulders in return,

"I've done worse." Will physically takes a step back at the words. The look Nigel gives him tells him everything he needs to know. He reaches into his back pocket, but it is empty.

"Where's my phone?" Will asks, brows creasing.

Nigel gives him a flat look and presses his thin lips together,"You don't need it."

There's a lump in Will's throat but he still manages to raise his voice,"It's my phone. Where the hell is it?"

Nigel takes a step toward Will swiftly,"Look, I'm not a person you want to mess with, Will."

Will doesn't doubt that for one second. He is rendered silent by the strict use of his name. Nigel begins to speak again when he knows Will will stay silent,

"You're going to text your friend and tell her you're fine. That's the only and last thing you will do with your phone." Nigel says, voice hard. Will looks at the floor and shakes his head weakly,

"You are not taking my phone." He says and wishes his voice sounded more tough. Instead his voice is soft and small when it comes out.

"I am." Nigel says matter-of-factly and crosses his arms challengingly. Will throws his arms up,

"Why? Just let me leave and I won't tell anyone anything!" He says, pleadingly.

Nigel shakes his head as he walks over to the desk and picks up Will's phone,

"You already did." Will goes quiet again for the second time in the span of only 5 minutes. Nigel holds Will's phone out, but keeps it out of reach as he talks,

"Text your friend and anyone else who might worry if you don't return for awhile. Don't try again, or there will be consequences." With that, he offers Will his phone and Will accepts it slowly.

Nigel walks around Will and stands behind him. Will blinks away the tears in his eyes as he unlocks his phone. He can feel Nigel's gaze as he types a message to Beverly saying that he's fine now and he'll see her later with trembling fingers. Will sends the message with his thumb

and brings his index finger to the power button on the side of his phone. He uses his finger to press the button consecutively. He regrets it immediately. The "emergency button" flashes across the screen. Will's wrist is grabbed roughly in an instant. Nigel nearly crushes Will's wrist in his vice grip and circles his other arm around Will to grab the phone from his hand. Will winces in pain and digs his nails into Nigel's skin, but he doesn't react to it. He removes his hand from Will's wrist and wraps it around his throat instead. He uses that to slam Will bodily back against the wall, so hard that Will hits his head and the wall shakes. Will flinches as best he can as his phone crashes against the wall across the room. Nigel snarls and burns holes into Will with his glare. His grip tightens around Will's throat,

"I told you there would be consequences."

Chapter End Notes

what should the consequences be???

Four

Chapter Summary

Nigel shows Will the error of his ways (violence in this chapter, but it isn't too graphic)

Chapter Notes

Ugh guys I am super sorry for the longg wait! Truthfully, I had typed this chapter a couple weeks ago, but then I deleted it on accident so I just gave up ;(But I can't just leave y'all hanging like that so here. Also I want to give kixxy23 credit because I did get inspiration from their comment and they definitely inspired me to continue this story <3 (And don't worry, we will see soft Nigel eventually, but not now)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nigel's eyes brim with anger, never breaking contact with Will's wide, terrified ones. His hand never lets up from Will's throat, he even tightens his grip and digs his fingers into Will's throat cruelly. Will sees the concealed way Nigel's body shakes while he chokes him. His face is flushed with his aggression, but probably not as flushed as Will's own face. Will makes a desperate noise, but it comes out as a wheeze and does nothing to help him. He tries to push himself from the wall, but it's no use - Nigel has him pinned there until he feels the urge to release him. Will does not think that will be any time soon, Nigel might not even feel the urge to release him until Will actually loses consciousness. Without thinking, mind discombobulated from his lack of oxygen, he lifts his fists and starts to pummel Nigel's chest. He is losing his energy and the blows are not as powerful as he wished they would be, but they do seem to faze Nigel. However, he is not hurt or reconsidering his actions, he is even more angry.

Will doesn't take notice, because Nigel releases his throat and his relief is all he is paying attention to. He doubles over and frantically takes in the breaths he was deprived of for too long. He coughs but it is short lived, because Nigel grips his hair and jerks him back upright unceremoniously. He returns him to his place against the wall, arms on either side of his head, and Will shrinks back with a gasp. Will puts his hands up, trying to placate the man. That doesn't have any effect on Nigel, so Will does the most ill-advised thing he can - and ducks under Nigel's left arm to make an unprompted escape. He is caught instantly by rough hands, and he hates himself for not just staying still. Maybe that would have caused what happens next not to happen.

"This is getting repetitive, Will." Nigel says with a low voice as he hauls him back against the wall, pressing him forcefully against it with a hand on his chest.

As Will is about to speak, Nigel does the most unexpected - but not out of character - thing and strikes Will right across the jaw with a closed fist. Will's head shoots to the side, connecting with the wall and he cries out in pain. Will stands there, head still turned, reeling in his shock. He brings himself to look at Nigel with panic-stricken eyes. Nigel remains impassive, even as he hits Will again, right in his nose. Will's head connects with the wall once again and his eyes water immediately from the hit. A wave of nausea passes over him from the feeling. His nose starts bleeding instantly and he is in so much pain that he tips forward on to Nigel. He can't breathe for the second time that day. Nigel steadies him cooly and looks at him as if he is daring him to do something else. Will couldn't do anything even if he tried, and he assumes that is the condition Nigel was trying to put him in.

Nigel steps back, grabs Will's arm tightly and half drags him to the bed in the middle of the room. Will's legs barely cooperate with him as he is demanded to walk, but he is unwilling to not do what Nigel wants right now. Nigel offhandedly lets Will drop, prone, on to the bed. Will's tears wet the sheets, along with the blood streaming from his nose. He curls up and he hears the sound of a door swinging open and Nigel rummaging through something. Will weakly lifts his head and turns to look at what the man is doing. Nigel fishes through the closet for a second more before he turns back to Will. Will's eyes land on what he is holding and alarm fills his body. Nigel is holding a zip tie and prowls toward Will with ominous steps. Will is afraid, more afraid than he ever has been in his life. It was clear Nigel had no limits. Before Nigel makes it to the bed, Will turns away, buries his face in the sheets and wails. His body shakes with his despair.

The bed shifts as Nigel climbs on to it. Will's breathing becomes erratic as Nigel settles his weight on the backs of Will's thighs. He doesn't dare to move a muscle. The ziptie drops onto the sheets beside Will's head and Nigel grabs each of his wrists from their places under his body and pulls them behind his back. Nigel picks up the zip tie, places it around his wrists, and tightens it gratuitously. Will winces as the zip tie digs into his skin and pulls him into an uncomfortable position. Will's body leaves it's tense state once Nigel gets off of him. Will lays as still as possible, straining to track Nigel's movements without looking at him. However, Nigel doesn't move from his place behind Will. Will holds his breath, but quietly gasps when Nigel's hands circle his ankles. He shifts Will's legs properly on to the mattress so he is lying vertically on the bed. Nigel's hands linger for longer than necessary on Will's ankles, and Will can deduce that he is staring at Will - or more specifically - at his body. Will is starting to get anxious, but Nigel releases his hold on his ankles. He goes across the room and Will can't be sure what he's doing now. Will turns his head just in time to see Nigel leave the apartment.

Chapter End Notes

sorry there wasn't a lot of dialogue this chapter :(but more chapters coming soon!

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